

Chapter 707

He moved silently down the dark alleyway, avoiding the overflowing garbage from the dumpsters on either side of him. It had taken a while to ferret out who would be the best person to go to, time he didn't have the luxury of wasting. It was daylight now and it wouldn't be long before someone went to check up on him and discovered he was missing. He needed to be far away when that happened, and nothing was going to prevent him from doing just that. *Www.nové()wORm.coM*

Clad entirely in black, he would have melted into the murky shadows within the alleyway, that was if anyone could actually see him. Instead, he was a passing breeze to the half-asleep homeless souls shivering under the piles of garbage and old newspapers they had tried to keep themselves warm with throughout the night.

He didn't see them, not as others would have. They were a vague flicker in his peripheral vision, society's castoffs who were of no threat to him. Intent on his target, he strode confidently onwards, towards the faded red metal door that was his destination. The cruel curl of his bottom lip was his only outward reaction to the locked door. It was no obstacle to him, and he didn't even care that should anyone be looking they would see the door miraculously open by itself.

The door gave against his preternatural strength with barely a squeak, the vampire just inside turning startled eyes as it opened. He would see nothing, and that would surprise him long enough for Agony to slip past the unsuspecting male unhindered. *www.(n)oVE()wôrm.coM*

Shadowing was one of his most favourite parts of being Vârcolac. That unique skill of being able to bend light to hide his physical appearance, as well as to completely mask his scent had brought him much satisfaction over the years. It was how he had slipped the reins of his pack. How he had first discovered the Praetorians protecting them. It afforded him the ability to cloak his existence from those lesser beings surrounding him, with the exception of those Rhianna had permitted to see him.

He was still angry about that, even after all these years. The Vârcolac were visible to each other, and also to the Triumvirate. What Rhianna had done was make them visible to their parents too. It didn't matter that both his parents had been able to detect his shadowing anyway as his mother was Vârcolac and his father one of the Triumvirate. The rest of them could have shadowed around their parents, but Rhianna's spell casting had changed that once they'd discovered the children had this ability. Granted she had done this so only each child's parents and the pack Alphas could see through their abilities, but it still irritated him no end. If his parents hadn't been who they were then Rhianna's magic would have afforded them the ability to see him, and that anger bubbled within and always had.

Holding in the deep sigh that threatened to give away his presence, he pushed aside the childish musings of a time long past, and continued down the dirty hallway towards the male he was here to see. It wasn't worth thinking about, wasn't worth indulging in the rage the constantly lived in his soul.

Entering the room at the bottom of the hallway, he watched the confused expression that crossed the face of the male within with another cruel tilt of his lips. Agony slipped off to the side as the male rose and walked to the open door, staring up the hallway to his guard who was shrugging his shoulders. Faraday was a tall man, beautiful as all vampires were, but with a coldness to his blue eyes that spoke of unhidden cruelty. He was old, possibly around about the eighteen hundred year mark, which was surprising for one in his position.

Agony moved to stand beneath the blacked-out window, as he watched Faraday close the door and return to his seat behind his desk. The casual grace of the vampire's movements spoke of power and great speed, so perhaps it wasn't so surprising that he had gained the age that he had. Something about the other male called to Agony, and it took a moment to realise what it was. This male, while inferior, had managed to make it to almost Ancient status despite his criminal proclivities. That meant he excelled at what he did and wasn't one to be underestimated. *w@W.mov(e)@w@RM.cOm*

He could relate to that, could understand and even respect it. There was a high probability Faraday would survive this meeting, unless he did something totally stupid. Wearying of his little game, he released his shadowing abilities, allowing himself to become visible to the other male. The speed with which Faraday moved impressed him, even as he easily blocked the talons aimed at his throat and broke both of his attacker's arms.

Faraday was strong but no match for Agony's enhanced Vârcolac skills. It took no real effort for him to pick up the struggling vampire and force the other male face down on his desk. Pinning him there, Agony leaned in close to his ear, drinking in the acrid scent of fear that was suddenly filling the room. It was a heady scent, one he loved, and he knew Faraday was intelligent enough to be aware that he was bested by the interloper in his lair.

"I do not wish to kill you; however I have no such compunction where it comes to any others who may enter this room. I suggest you calm down and listen to what I have to say, unless you're willing to lose all of your handpicked team dotted around this building."

"Let me up," Faraday hissed, fury lacing his fear. The fact he kept his tone as low as Agony's was a clear indicator that he was aware of just how serious his situation was.

Agony released his hold, stepping back and watching silently as Faraday tested his arms had healed by pushing himself up from his desk. When he turned to view the interloper, there was naked fury in his eyes, as well as a healthy amount of respect. *w(w)W.NoVeℓw(o)rM.čom*

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"What does everyone want who comes to call on you, Faraday? I need travel documents so I may leave the country." Agony sat down on the chair across from the desk, crossing one leg nonchalantly over the other. He watched his talons shrink back down as if bored, hearing the slight increase in the other male's heartbeat. Satisfaction engulfed him, a heady feeling of power rising swiftly to the surface. Faraday was wise to fear him and it enthralled him to know the other male did.

"I need a name, and personal information. When do you need them by?" Faraday was suddenly all business, sitting down with his fingers on the keyboard to his laptop, his gaze impatient as he viewed his visitor.

"Right now."

The other male's eyes widened, anger warring with the ever present fear in his gaze. "I usually require a few days to provide good quality documents."

"You have half an hour maximum," Agony drawled, his tone bored though he was anything but. He didn't have days...he was lucky if he had a few hours.

The blood rushed from Faraday's face, his expression turning panicked. "That's impossible!"

It wasn't what he wanted to hear, and he leaned forward, resting his arms on the edge of the desk. "Make it possible..."